

AN INDEPENDENT DAILY NEWSPAPER
DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE, THAT NO GOOD CAUSE
SHALL LACK A CHAMPION, AND THAT EVIL SHALL NOT
THRIVE UNOPPOSED.
H. D. Slater, Editor-in-Chief and controlling owner, has directed The Herald for
14 years; G. A. Martin is News Editor.

EL PASO HERALD

EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

Wednesday, November Fifteenth, 1911.

THIRTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION
Superior exclusive features and complete news reports by Associated Press
Leased Wire and 200 Special Correspondents covering Arizona, New Mex-
ico, west Texas, Mexico, Washington, D. C., and New York.
Published by Herald News Co., Inc. H. D. Slater (owner of 55 percent) Presi-
dent; J. C. Wilmarth (owner of 20 percent) Manager; the remaining 15
percent is owned among 12 stockholders who are as follows: H. L. Capell,
H. D. Slater, R. A. Stevens, W. F. Payne, R. C. Carby, G. A. Martin, Felix Martinez, A.
L. Sharpe, and John F. Ramsey.

War News From Hee-Haw

HERE must be a joker in the China war news somewhere. The San Francisco
junta of the revolutionary party is manufacturing news to suit its own pur-
poses, and anything credited to this native news bureau should be taken with
a wink. But it is going a bit too far when they tell us one day that the imperial
court has fled up Hot river, and the next tell us that the court is considering a
vacation trip to Jehol, which is only the Chinese for Sheel, which is only the
preacher-ese for hell, which is good Shakespearean English.

The El Paso Herald pays about 1-20th of the total receipts from all sources,
of the El Paso postoffice, month by month and year by year. This gives some
idea of the immensity of the business which this publication has developed by doing
business on the square. The Herald pays 72 percent of the second-class postage,
covering all newspapers and periodicals.

Abilene Transformed

MAYBE the last El Paso business men's excursion did not go quite far
enough east. Abilene, Texas, is well worth seeing, and El Paso, many
times as large, can get pointers there. The business section has just
been completely transformed. Sidewalks 18 feet wide have replaced part of the
old useless excessive width of unpaved roadway, the remaining street space has
been permanently paved, and ornamental electric lighting poles have been erected,
carrying clusters of three enclosed arcs, more attractive than El Paso's posterns.

Perhaps most notable of all, this progressive little west Texas city has
removed every pole and wire from the main business streets; and when the trolley
cars come, arrangements will be made to attach even the trolley guy wires to the
buildings wherever possible, thus avoiding a cluttering up of the streets and the
air with dangerous and unsightly poles and wires.

It is a fact that some of the smaller southwestern cities seem to learn more
readily from the experiences of older and wiser cities and act more quickly and more
consistently upon their newly acquired information and ideas, than does El Paso,
which has always been rather self complacent, with all her spirit of progressiveness.

Socialism showed a large increase in voting strength at the recent elections.
The Socialist party has in its platform so many of the demands that radicals
of both the Democratic and the Republican parties have lately taken up, that it is
no wonder the more extreme adherents of both the old parties should drift into
the party that has historic title to the newly popularized fads and cure-alls.

Wisdom From the Soil

A DISTRICT farmers' union of northeast Texas recently passed resolutions
commending the work of the Texas Commercial Secretaries' association,
saying further: "Many of us are learning the truth about the good work
you are doing, and we believe the Texas farmer will some day learn that his real
friends are the fair minded business men and not the politicians."

A business man, manager of great interest, recently expressed the view that it
would be better for the country if there were more business men in congress,
and fewer lawyers. Some lawyers are good business men, but not all; and it is sort
of tough to have all the business of the country subject to unintelligent interference
by that large number of lawmakers both state and national, who do not under-
stand the legitimate needs of legitimate business and recklessly tamper with finely
adjusted industrial and commercial machinery about which they are uninformed.

Activity of railroads in buying cars, locomotives, and rails is looked upon as
significant of steady though gradual improvement in business and industry. Late
orders have included 25,000 cars, 300 locomotives, and 500,000 tons of steel rails.
The large purchases are taken by careful observers to indicate returning confidence,
which will have a widespread stimulating effect.

The Clerk Who Broke the Glass

MERCHANT feels under heavy responsibility to give always full weight and
full measure in return for the money paid him by customers. If an honest
merchant caught a clerk deliberately cheating a customer, that clerk would
go out the front door without waiting to open it. The successful merchant makes
it his duty, as well as his pride, to give a little better quality than the specification
calls for, and to make the quantity absolutely full according to the tested weights
and measures.

This being the rule of any honestly conducted mercantile or manufacturing
business, why should this same merchant tolerate any different standard of con-
duct on the part of the publisher of a newspaper in which he buys advertising
space? The merchant has as much right to know positively about the circulation
of a newspaper which solicits his business, as the merchant's customer has to know
about the quality and quantity of the cloth or sugar or coal or flour he is buying.

Under the law, a manufacturer is not permitted to carry a label on a package
saying "One pound" unless the contents weigh, net, full 16 ounces avoirdupois. A
milk dealer who sealed his "pint" bottles to 15 1/2 ounces would be prosecuted by
the official sealer of weights and measures, for fraud. The pure food laws compel
manufacturers to state the proportion, if any, of adulterants in each package.
These laws are good, and are never objected to by the honest manufacturer or merchant.

It is a straight business proposition. When you buy advertising, know what
circulation you are paying for, know what you are actually getting, demand proof,
investigate for yourself. It is your right, and a duty you owe yourself, your
business partners, and your family.

Put it down as solid fact, that the publisher who refuses to make satisfactory
demonstration of the truth of circulation statements made by him or his solicitors,
dare not throw open his records because he knows they will expose the truth that
he has been taking the money of his advertisers under false pretences of a cir-
culation he cannot demonstrate.

Check your invoices, and demand proof of circulation.

One-Sentence Philosophy

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

(Philadelphia Record.)
About the time a girl begins to lose
interest in dolls she turns her attention
to dollars.

The worst thing about the man who is
always losing his temper is that he
finds it again.

About the only chance so to speak of
us have to count our chickens is before
they are hatched.

"All things come to those who wait,"
quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes, but they
will come sooner if you are too busy
to wait for them," added the Simple
Guy.

IN AND ABOUT THE CITY.

(Philadelphia Record.)
The only cure for old age is to die
young.

The old maid never seems to
suffer from remorse.

A nest egg in bank will keep a man
from brooding over his troubles.

Lots of politeness is wasted on peo-
ple who are too slick to be taken in
by it.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Knicker-Jones brags he has a "open
mind." Bookie—Yes, everything escaped
from it long ago.—New York Sun.

Ned—What did the telephone girl say
when she handed back Jack's suitcase
and broke the engagement? "Tem-
-Ring off!"—Somerville Journal.

"I suppose you and your wife share
everything?" "Not at all. She insists
that I have all the faults."—Detroit
Free Press.

LITTLE STORIES.

Two Languages.
The charm of Mrs. Ruth McHenry
Stuart's negro dialect stories was great-
ly enhanced when she read them her-
self, as she used frequently to do in
the early days of her fame, for charity
and church entertainments. Her imi-
tation of the negro dialect was excel-
lent and her small son, who was very
proud of her accomplishments in this
line, frequently boasted of it among
the other children. Once when some of
his schoolmates were visiting the ac-
complishments of their several mothers
he was overheard to declare:

"Well, my mother is smarter than
any of yours. She can speak two lan-
guages."

"What are they?" demanded his com-
panions.

"White and colored."

"Not Big Enough."

While ex-president Roosevelt was on
his famous Louisiana bear hunting trip
he was accompanied by an old colored man's cab-
in and saw two fine hounds.

"What are they?" he asked several
times for the hounds, but the old man shook
his head. Finally the president said:

"If you know who I am you would
sell me those hounds."

"Sell you dem houn' dawns if I
knewed who you is!" exclaimed the
man. "Who is you, anyhow?"

"I am president Roosevelt," was the
reply.

"The old man looked at him a moment
and then said:

"See here, I wouldn't care if you was
Booker T. Washington—you couldn't
get dem dawns."

Denatured Poem

FOR GEORGE has grown tired of his kinking, according to stories I hear; he's
never seen dancing and singing, or wearing a smile ear-to-ear. Condemned to
a life artificial, to splendor that worries the soul, to attitudes grave and judi-
cial, a monarch is deep in the hole. For him no excursion or silly, no natural,
uplifting joys; a dog fight's on deck in the alley, he cannot look on
with the boys; the circus has come and the people are sending glad
shouts to the sky; the king cannot climb a church steeple to see
the procession go by. The king cannot sit on the bleachers and yell
when the umpire is slain; most lonely of all living creatures, he just has to stay
home and reign. Though roughly the old world may treat you, though troubles
each morning may bring, though bogies and jabberwocks meet you, be thankful that
you're not a king!

Copyright, 1911, by George Matthews Adams. *Over Mason*

The Daily Horoscope By T. K. Hedrick

The "Gink" says: (November 15-17)
Virgo is still regnant over the moon, but the trade signs
rise to power too, and woman's activities should be along
commercial lines. It is a favorable time for buying house-
hold commodities, women's foil de rois, and such. Women in
trade, or who work for a living are promised many advan-
tages. Let them seek that what they will in the way of
promotion, advancement of salary or other concessions, and
if their causes be just, they will obtain what they seek.
The stars are with them. In the domestic world, the augur-
ies are favorable to the solution of all manner of vexing
problems. Inspiration should be afforded as to how to
lighten labor, economize in time and money, and achieve
more leisure for visits, shopping and bridge whist. It is a
day for women, but in particular, rather than in romantic
endeavors. Though the two often are combined, as the well-
fed man comes to realize. A contented spirit, greatest of blessings, is promised the
babies born today.

THE TORNADO The Herald's Daily Short Story

(By Ben G. Sampson.)

OF a sudden he remembered that there was a farmhouse not
far ahead. He started the engine and leapt into the car.

"Only a mile to shelter!" he ex-
claimed. "I think we can do it. Where
are the storm clouds?"

"We forgot them," he said.

"I forgot them," you mean. Hold
fast! It's a rough road!"

The red car leapt forward.

Never had he witnessed anything like
the vividness of that lightning. With
a crash which sounded as if the gods
had shattered
heavens, a bolt streamed into a tree
not a hundred yards ahead. A huge
limb was torn off and fell across the
road, making it impossible to stop!

"Duck, and hold fast to me!" he
yelled, and with a lurch and a leap
he was out of the car.

The pace was frightful. They were
going down hill with full speed on.
The trees swayed with the first gust
of the tempest, and he felt a spilt
of rain in his face.

The crash of the thunder, the roar
of the wind through the trees, the
drumming of the exhaust, and the
clatter of the swaying car, beat on
their ears, but he did not touch the
lever to abate the speed of their
flight.

A few hundred yards ahead was a
stone culvert spanning the bed of a
creek whose waters, years before, had
been diverted to a reservoir a mile or
so to the west. Save at rare intervals
the bed of this creek was dry. Here
was a place of shelter.

A few hundred yards ahead was a
gray wall of rain, and dimly through
it he saw huge trees mount in the
air and twist and coil like leaves
caught up in an air eddy.

It was a race for the culvert, with
the odds in favor of the tornado. Smith
held his speed until the last second
and then jammed on the brakes as
they rushed down the rocky road
leading to the culvert. The car came
almost on the edge of the dry bed of
the creek, with the embankment to the
left.

Miss Harding leapt to the ground
and stood dazed for an instant. Smith
stumbled as he jumped, but was on his
feet in a moment. He saw the car
was only a few feet away, but had
they not been protected by the em-
bankment they would have been
down and killed as they reached the
shelter.

Gravel and pebbles from the road-
way above were dashed into their
faces by the advance blast of the tor-
nado. Grasping her by the arm he
helped her to the culvert, and then
which, to the yawning but welcome
opening of the old stone archway so
fortunately near.

They were tossed back and forth in
this tunnel, a relentless suction pulling
them first towards one entrance and
then towards the other, only a few
feet apart, and buffeted by blows.

A tree was dashed across the west
opening, one twisted trunk and a
mass of branches falling into the culvert.
They could not distinguish the crashes of thunder from
those of the thundering rain, or from
the demonic roar of the tornado.

They cannot say how long this lasted,
but there came a moment of appalling
silence. The tornado had passed. With
this strange calm the darkness lifted
slightly and they knew that the crisis
was over.

They were in the center of the tun-
nel, the rapidly rising water swirling
at their feet, and becoming aware that
he was supporting her with his arm,
and that her head was resting on his
shoulder. The water was still rising,
but its din seemed silence compared
with what had preceded it.

"Are you hurt?" she faltered,
gently trying to release herself. "Are
we going to be drowned?"

"I don't know—I don't think so,"
he faltered, bracing himself against
the rising waters and clamping her
closer, as if in fear the flood and
tempest would drag her from him.

"It would be just my luck, for I want
to tell you something."

A crash of thunder reverberated
through the walls of their prison.

"I want to tell you that I love you,"
he said, and then he died away.

"I love you, I love you, and unless
I tell you now I may never
have another chance. I have been try-
ing to tell you this for more than
a month, and if we never get out of
here I want you to know that I love
you. Do you love me, darling?"

"I don't know—I think I do,"
she replied hesitatingly, a slight suspi-
cion of laughter in her voice. "But
Jack, the water is awfully deep and
dark. Is there any danger?"

"Not the least danger," he declared
jocularly. "Do you think I would let
you die in this old culvert? I am the
happiest man in the world. It is
growing lighter. Here's a ledge on
which you can stand."

A few yards away was a narrow
shelf two feet or more above the bed
of the creek, and he helped her to
obtain a footing on it, although at
one time the shelfed beneath the
waters and was all but carried away
by its force.

"We can stand another foot and a
half rise," he said. "Are you all right
now, darling?"

Even as he spoke the water rose

TIPPING POISONS THE MAN WHO DOES IT AS WELL AS THE RECIPIENT

Men Who Give Big Tips Work Hardship on Those Who Are Unable to Follow Their Example.

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN

THE evil that tips do is not con-
fined to the poor devil of a ser-
vant whom they degrade, the sleek
proprietor whom they enrich and the
hapless wayfarer whom they impover-
ish. In this country (where some of us
are still glad that there is no recog-
nized privileged class of persons who
can demand favorable discrimination
as of right), the tipping system has
opened up a way for persons of small
brains and fat purses to purchase a
bit of social distinction that sets them
apart from their fellow-creatures.

Tips in Restaurants.
An ordinary American enters to en-
ter a restaurant in the hope of satis-
fying his hunger even at the total sac-
rifice of his assets. A second waiter
comes to him and places him at a table
in the dark where he can, if he looks
sharp, keep his elbow out of the moun-
tain of butter on the serving table.
The head waiter has not seen him,
the captain is oblivious of his exist-
ence. Even the "bus," the waiter who
serves the lower class, fails to provide him
with a glass of water until it has been
thrice demanded. Obviously, this or-
dinary American is an undesirable cus-
tomer. The reason is that he ate break-
fast in the same place and tipped the
waiter only a measly dime after fruit,
bacon and eggs and coffee. He is a
marked man.

Conceding the extraordinary Ameri-
can, two slender Jekals in blue uni-
forms relieve him of his hat and stick.
The head waiter, the captain, the low
before him and escort him in triumph
to a big round table full of
a red egg. They have no prelu-
dices such as burned in the soul of the
slave to the lamp of Aladdin, and this
he has but to utter a wish to
have it fulfilled.

The head waiter's tip.
The waiter brushes aside a
scarcing "bus" and with his own pul-
sant hand moves the glass of water
two inches to the right of where it
should be. The waiter's tip is a
select from the menu the things he
will permit the great man to eat—
a roast beef, a chicken, a salmon,
he makes them. And then, when the
great man has finished, he comes him-
self to speak sharply to the waiter,
and, perhaps, to look at some dish in
the menu and back to the waiter, en-
vying him with instructions to say to the
cook that this is for Mr. Doucette.

Mr. Doucette is a rubber high up in
his family tree, he is not a military
demagogue, but he is not a modern
sage. He is a man of the old school,
with the two swords of the Samurai,
nor does he wear the peacock feather
of the Son of Heaven. His distinction
arises not from his love of the old, as
does that of the English earl to whom
every cap is lifted, every fore-top
bowled, and every knee bent. It is
the old school, as does that of the
trunk, as does that of the German
army officer who takes the high seat
in the restaurant as a matter of course,
as does that of the Japanese noble for
whom the common people fall aside;
it is the old school, as does that of
learning as does that of the Chinese
mandarin for whose walk the streets
are cleared.

Why He is Distinguished.
Mr. Doucette's distinction arises from
the fact that he tips, he tips freely,
he tips lavishly. He is not a miser,
but he is not a spendthrift. He is not
billionaire at that hotel will be, say, \$12
or \$15 a day and his tips will be \$10
a day. He is determined to be a
common man, he counts the gaze and
stare of the curious, the smile of the
flunkey is grateful to his eyes and his
leading will go when the elevator
boy calls him by name. He is an
American "aristocrat"—the flower of
the tipping class.

It is with Mr. Doucette in one of
the great hotels of New York, but his
tribe and clan is scattered all over the
country, from Seattle to Miami, from
Rangoon to San Diego. He doesn't al-
ways give \$10 a day in tips, but he
gives enough to buy the particular dis-
tinction which gives him the place that
he desires, and that reacts in discom-
fort and bad service on his fellow-men.
He is the man who can always get
through the gate at the railroad sta-
tion to see his friend off on the train
when the common herd is held back;
he is the man who gets inside the first
lines where he has no earthly business;
the man technically known to the fire-
department as "Halls" is the man who
holds up the line by talking sweet
nothing to the blonde cashier in the
cheap eating house; he is the man who
at the gate keeper's at the ball
park with a "Hello Charlie!" in short
he is the man who cherishes the curi-
ous, the stare of the curious, the smile
of the flunkey is grateful to his eyes and
his leading will go when the elevator
boy calls him by name. He is an
American "aristocrat"—the flower of
the tipping class.

Standard is Raised.
If this man, the anath of tipper, who
has raised the standard of tipping so
that a breakfast tip at the big hotels
in New York is not a quarter, but 50
to 75 cents. It is he who has made it
well-nigh impossible for the traveling
man to give a tip without a heavy ex-
pense account that will be O. K. with
the boss. It is he who has introduced
privilege, a meanly bought privilege
paid for with mean money, into the
ordinary everyday affairs of the Ameri-
can business man.

Every man, where everybody
knows the tip is a nuisance, there is a
unanimous opinion that this same
American, bent on buying his way into
distinction, has raised the joy of trav-
el. In part this European condemna-
tion is unjust. The American anath
of the tipper is not a man who gives
tips that even a frogal American in
Europe will tip too generously and will
distinguish him as a man of means.
The tipping system in general
as the nob causes in the United States.
Mr. Doucette is of all ages and types.
He is not quite so offensive, perhaps,
when he appears in the person of a
rah-rah boy spending the governor's
money in vacation time. The rah-rah
boy doesn't know any better and he is
naturally an imitative animal. He is
pitiably as well as pitiful when he ap-
pears in the garb of a backwoodsman,
lately come into money, for then he
emulates the Doucette type, not of his
own volition, but because crafty head
waiters and bellboys have schooled him
that "it is the thing to do."

Money Talks.
Mr. Doucette is most offensive when
in propria persona he appears as the

Abe Martin

THIS BELL RINGS ONE MINUTE BEFORE THE FILM STARTS



I wonder how long some fellows would
stick to a secret order if it wasn't for the
uniforms? Prohibition only seems to
make it more difficult.

MAYOR KELLY GETS LETTER BY AIRSHIP

Will Answer It by Mail, Un-
less Another Airship
Goes West Soon

Messages by aerial post is the newest
mode of correspondence among
southwestern mayors.

When Aviator Fowler arrived in El
Paso from Douglas he carried a letter
from the mayor of that city to Mayor
Kelly. But the good looking air pilot
was so occupied with his airplane that
he did not have an opportunity to meet
Mayor Kelly until Monday night at the
forestry banquet. They were introduced
at the speakers' table and aviator Fow-
ler, mayor of the upper air, delivered
to Mr. Kelly, mayor of the city, the
message which he had carried in his
airway old aviation coat since he left
Douglas.

The mayor will answer it by mail as
the next airplane of the aerial post route
is reported indefinitely delayed.

REVERTS TO OLD HOME

J. R. O'Connell, a countryman for the
Southern Pacific at the Union Hotel
has returned to his home in
Bonneville, Ark., because of illness.
It is said that he has been in the
city since Monday and accompanied him to his
former home.

Ela Wheeler Wilcox ON THE ONWARD MARCH

Each New Invention Makes New Industries for Labor and Creates New Occu-
pations and New Interests for Humanity.

The Age of Motored Things.

THE wonderful age of the world I

sing—
The age of battery, coil and
spring,
Of steam, and storage, and motored
thing.

Though faith may slumber and art
seem dead,
And all that is spoken has once been
said,
And all that is written were best un-
read;

Though hearts are iron and thoughts
are steel,
And all that has value is mercantile,
Yet marvelous truth shall the age re-
veal.

Aye, greater the marvels this age shall
find
Than all the centuries left behind.
When was a bigot and art was
blind.

When the sentimentalists talk of the
vulgarity of this mechanical age and
bemoan the loss of machine work,
they do not realize that they are be-
moaning the eventual evolution of man
to something greater and more godlike
than his present state.

When the workman sets his face
against the introduction of a labor-sav-
ing machine, or the introduction of a
labor-saving machine, or the introduc-
tion of a labor-saving machine, or the
introduction of a labor-saving machine,
he is setting his face against the bel-
lows of the lives of his children or
his grandchildren.

When the stage coach, with its regu-
lar pace, was first introduced into
the country the man who had carried
for years upon the slow stage coach
declared the stage a monster, which
brought bread from poor men's mouths. After
the railroad came, the stage coach
declared the railroad a monster, which
brought bread from poor men's mouths.

When the steamship was introduced
into the country the man who had
carried for years upon the slow stage
coach declared the stage a monster,
which brought bread from poor men's
mouths. After the railroad came, the
stage coach declared the railroad a
monster, which brought bread from
poor men's mouths.

When the steamship was introduced
into the country the man who had
carried for years upon the slow stage
coach declared the stage a monster,
which brought bread from poor men's
mouths. After the railroad came, the
stage coach declared the railroad a
monster, which brought bread from
poor men's mouths.

When the steamship was introduced
into the country the man who had
carried for years upon the slow stage
coach declared the stage a monster,
which brought bread from poor men's
mouths. After the railroad came, the
stage coach declared the railroad a
monster, which brought bread from
poor men's mouths.

When the steamship was introduced
into the country the man who had
carried for years upon the slow stage
coach declared the stage a monster,
which brought bread from poor men's
mouths. After the railroad came, the
stage coach declared the railroad a
monster, which brought bread from
poor men's mouths.

When the steamship was introduced
into the country the man who had
carried for years upon the slow stage
coach declared the stage a monster,
which brought bread from poor men's
mouths. After the railroad came, the
stage coach declared the railroad a
monster, which brought bread from
poor men's mouths.

When the steamship was introduced
into the country the man who had
carried for years upon the slow stage
coach declared the stage a monster,
which brought bread from poor men's
mouths. After the railroad came, the
stage coach declared the railroad a
monster, which brought bread from
poor men's mouths.

When the steamship was introduced
into the country the man who had
carried for years upon the slow stage
coach declared the stage a monster,
which brought bread from poor men's
mouths. After the railroad came, the
stage coach declared the railroad a
monster, which brought bread from
poor men's mouths.

When the steamship was introduced
into the country the man who had
carried for years upon the slow stage
coach declared the stage a monster,
which brought bread from poor men's
mouths. After the railroad came, the
stage coach declared the railroad a
monster, which brought bread from
poor men's mouths.

When the steamship was introduced
into the country the man who had
carried for years upon the slow stage
coach declared the stage a monster,
which brought bread from poor men's
mouths. After the railroad came, the
stage coach declared the railroad a
monster, which brought bread from
poor men's mouths.

When the steamship was introduced
into the country the man who had
carried for years upon the slow stage
coach declared the stage a monster,
which brought bread from poor men's
mouths. After the railroad came, the
stage coach declared the railroad a
monster, which brought bread from
poor men's mouths.

When the steamship was introduced
into the country the man who had
carried for years upon the slow stage
coach declared the stage a monster,
which brought bread from poor men's
mouths. After the railroad came, the
stage coach declared the railroad a
monster, which brought bread from
poor men's mouths.

When the steamship was introduced
into the country the man who had
carried for years upon the slow stage
coach declared the stage a monster,
which brought bread from poor men's
mouths. After the railroad came, the
stage coach declared the railroad a
monster, which brought bread from
poor men's mouths.

When the steamship was introduced
into the country the man who had
carried for years upon the slow stage
coach declared the stage a monster,
which brought bread from poor men's
mouths. After the railroad came, the
stage coach declared the railroad a
monster, which brought bread from
poor men's mouths.

When the steamship was introduced
into the country the man who had
carried for years upon the slow stage
coach declared the stage a monster,
which brought bread from poor men's
mouths. After the railroad came, the
stage coach declared the railroad a
monster, which brought bread from
po